THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 20, 1800.

Account of the Life of the Right Hon. Sir George Yonge, Bart. K. B.

[From Public Characters of 1799-1800.]

SIR GEORGE YONGE having devoted theſe forty-five years paſt to a public life, is juſtly entitled to a niche in theſe biographic illuſtrations.

He received his education at Eton College, from whence, to complete his ſtudies, he was ſent to Leipſic, where, by uncommon diligence, he enriched his mind with much valuable knowledge.

His father, the celebrated Sir William Yonge, was a character well known in the political hiſtory of the laſt reigns. His eminent abilities, and talent for ſpeaking, with the exquiſite melody of his voice, attracted general notice, rendered him a valuable ſupporter of the Miniſter, and procured thoſe honourable ſituations which have ſince been poſſeſſed by his ſon.*

A circumſtance reſpecting Sir William's voice, rather uncommon, we ſhall juſt notice, which is, that its ſweetneſs of

 tone

* On a great augmentation of the naval and military force being moved for in the Houſe of Commons, in 1724, Sir William, then Mr. Yonge, was appointed by the Miniſtry to oppoſe the powerful arguments advanced by the celebrated Mr. Shippen againſt the meaſure. For ſome particulars of Mr. Shippen, conſult Rev. Mr. Coxe's "Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, 3 vols. 4to. 1798."

tone continued unimpaired, though he had the misfortune to loſe the whole of his teeth. He was an elegant, well-bred man, a ſcholar, a poet, and an affectionate father. He was not a little proud of the well-directed application of his boy, ſparing no pains to qualify him for that political ſphere to which rank, and other propitious circumſtances, intitled him to look forward.

His father dying, Sir George Yonge was very early called to act as one of the legiſlators of his country. In the year 1754, being then juſt of age, he was choſen Member for Honiton, in Devonſhire: A borough repreſented by his anceſtors for a ſeries of years, and where, from local intereſt and attachment, he came in not only independent, but poſſeſſed influence enough to bring in the other repreſentative. A perſon thus circumſtanced became worthy of the Miniſter's attention.

During his reſidence abroad, his time was not wholly engroſſed by his private ſtudies. To initiate himſelf into a knowledge of the world he travelled, and, we believe, ſome diplomatic miniſter took him under his patronage.

During his attendance in Parliament, many great and important diſcuſſions were brought forward, and, as he conſtantly grounded himſelf in the argument of the ſeveral topics in agitation, we have every inducement to conclude that he voted from conviction.

In the year 1766, he was appointed one of the Commiſſioners of the Admiralty.

From the year 1754, until the general election in 1796, he continued to repreſent Honiton; then he declined offering himſelf as a candidate, and, on that occaſion, was complimented with an appropriate addreſs from his former conſtituents, expreſſive of their regret, and teſtifying their high ſenſe of his long and faithful ſervices.

Conſidering his life as devoted to ſenatorial duties, he was well acquainted himſelf with the principles of government, and the nature of civil liberty. He oppoſed Lord North's adminiſtration, and, on moſt occaſions, his name will be found as the people's friend, and a friend to every meaſure that tended to advance the real dignity and happineſs of his country.

When the amiable Marquis of Rockingham came into power, he was called on to make a part of the adminiſtration; indeed an hereditary claim ſeemed to point him out as intitled to fill the very honourable ſtation of Secretary at War, and accordingly, early in the year 1782, he was appointed to that place,

place, which was enjoyed by Sir William Yonge, his father, in the year 1735.

In April, in the ſame year, he was made one of the Vice Treaſurers of Ireland.

Continuing in the adminiſtration under Mr. Pitt, he ſupported his meaſures, though we do not think there was any great perſonal intimacy between them. During that intereſting period, when the regency was in agitation, Sir George ſtood firm to the party of the Miniſter.

The War-Office he held with ſlight intermiſſion from the year 1782, until the late appointment of Mr. Wyndham.

In 1788, he was elected a Knight of the Bath; the manner in which this dignity was conferred, proved honourable to the King, and gratifying to the ſubject. The expreſſions of grace and favour with which it was accompanied, ſhewed the perfect recollection his Majeſty had of the ſeries of ſervices rendered by his father and himſelf.

In the war department his aſſiduity was conſpicuous, and his exertions, not confined to the mere mechanical routine of office, diſplayed abilities which proved him perfectly qualified for the poſt he filled.

On his reſignation of the Secretaryſhip, he was appointed Maſter of the Mint: Quitting that office, he was recently made Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, for which ſtation, in September, 1799, he was preparing to embark with his ſuite—his lady remains in England.

The talent for ſpeaking, ſo conſpicuous in the father, does not ſeem ſo peculiarly to attach to the ſon; nevertheleſs, on thoſe occaſions on which his powers of eloquence have been exerted, he has acquitted himſelf in an energetic, logical, and convincing ſtyle. But Mr. Pitt has always repreſſed the zeal of his adherents in this line of ſupport, and choſen rather to take the burthen of defence on himſelf.

Deeply read in what concerns the manufactures and commerce of his country, no one is better theoretically qualified to advance its mercantile intereſts—with laudable ambition, about ſix years ſince, he was ſtimulated, in conjunction with moſt reſpectable connections, to introduce machinery, on a moſt extenſive ſcale, to facilitate the manufactory of wool, &c. at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonſhire.

We lament the failure of this great concern; yet, though the county was, previous to this ſpirited attempt, the moſt backward in the improvement and extenſion of its manufactories; yet ſince that time, ſeveral mills, on a leſs expenſive

ſcale, have been erected along its coaſt, and they have ſucceeded well.

Public avocation interferes with, but not wholly ſuſpends, Sir George Yonge's correſpondence with the contemporary literati, who have been ready to acknowledge the information derived from his reſearches: He writes with a celerity almoſt unrivalled, and his ſtyle is pure and correct.

Had the ſubject of this ſketch attended as minutely to his private affairs, as he has ſo indefatigably to public concerns, he might now have been happy in the enjoyment of a ſpot that was dear to his feelings—

" His patrimonial treaſure, and his pride,"

and have retired, in the evening of his days, from active life, in a manner worthy of himſelf.

His perſon and addreſs are elegant and prepoſſeſſing; of the former we have prefixed an outline, taken in the year 1790.

He was, a few months ſince, preſented to the borough of Old Sarum, which is the property of Lord Camelford, a place exiſting only in idea, and where the writ is conſequently affixed to a tree in the centre of a field!

—To waſte its eſſence in the deſart air—

When Sir George Yonge had viſited the country during the receſſes from Parliamentary duty, he has been active in advancing the local intereſts of his county; and, as a zealous and intelligent magiſtrate, has promoted whatever tended to the benefit of the diſtrict over which he preſides.

He is a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and one of his Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council. He is the laſt male branch of his family, and has no iſſue to ſucceed him in his title.

A. M.

Devonſhire, September, 1799.

An EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.

THE following extraordinary circumſtance happened off the Dutch coaſt on the 4th of December, 1799.—About midnight, two fiſhermen being employed in their occupation, one of them having both his hands engaged in hauling the net, took the head of a foal, which endeavoured to eſcape through

through a meſh in the net, between his teeth (a practice very general with fiſhermen). The ſoal, making an extraordinary effort, ſprung into the man's throat, who being thereby rendered incapable of calling out to his companion, went towards him, and made him ſenſible, by ſigns, of his alarming ſituation. His comrade immediately laid hold of the tail of the fiſh; but not ſucceeding in extracting the body, the man was ſuffocated very ſoon after he reached the boat.—The ſoal (the dimenſions of which were ſeven inches and a half in length, and near three in breadth) was found with his head near the upper orifice of the ſtomach, the teeth of the fiſh being faſtened into the ſubſtance of the *æſophagus*.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Inſcription in Martock Church-yard, to the Memory of the Rev. Nicholas Baker, Thirty-five Years Paſtor of that Church.

A Tomb has lately been erected in Martock church-yard, with the following Latin inſcription; but many of the inhabitants being unacquainted with the meaning of it, I have ſubjoined an Engliſh tranſlation, by inſerting which in your Entertainer, you will oblige ſeveral of your readers, in particular

JAMES ROY.

Martock, January 7, 1800.

Hic jacet, ſenio morboque confectum,
Quicquid jacere poterat,
NICHOLAI BAKER,
Hujus eccleſiæ per annos triginta quinque
Paſtoris venerandi.
Cujus pars melior
Hac terra diſpectui habita
In loca, naturæ ſuæ accommodatiora
Tandem avolavit,
Die Oct. 19, 1768, *Æt.* 80.

Worn out with age and ſickneſs,
Here lies
That part only that could lie here
Of NICHOLAS BAKER,
Who for five and thirty years

Was

Was the revered paſtor of this church.
His better part
To a place more ſuitable to its nature,
Which he had long in view,
Winged its way from this earth,
On the 19th day of October, 1798, in the 80th year of his age.

Deſcription of a Chamber Bath, uſed by Italian Ladies for Health and Pleaſure, with an Account of the various Ingredients with which the Water is impregnated.

[By Dr. Brooke, of Exeter.]

THE chamber bath is made of very thin copper, tinned inſide, in ſhape like a cradle without a head, with a handle at each end, by which it is eaſily carried into chambers for uſe. To the four feet (twelve inches high) are fixed caſtors, for the purpoſe of rolling it to any part of the room. If hot or tepid bathing is required, the machine is filled, and placed cloſe to the fire-place, and a chaffing-diſh put under it, by which means the ſmoke is conveyed up the chimney.

The water in the bath is impregnated with ſalt* or brimſtone, with iron filings, or vegetable aſtringents, aromatic herbs, or other ingredients adapted for health or pleaſure. The Italian ladies conceive (like the ancient Romans) that perſonal charms entirely depend on health, which they rigorouſly attend to promote by bathing; and being in private in their bed-chamber, they go naked into the bath, more effectually to have the aſſiſtance of a female attendant, who with a glove of coarſe linen can commodiouſly rub any part of the bather, and the pores of the ſkin can more properly perform their functions than when the body is encumbered with a bathing dreſs. By way of improving the machine, I cauſed ſeveral grooves to be fixed inſide, to admit a ſliding foot-board, to ſuit perſons of any ſtature; and at the head is a moveable ſloping ſtool for the head to repoſe on, while every other part of the body is immerſed in water. Such bathing, I am convinced, will anſwer every deſired purpoſe; and I hope to find the like machine ſpeedily become (in England)

* Invalids who cannot go to the ſea coaſt or public medicinal baths, will find ſuch private bathing of great comfort; and I hope to ſee it introduced into the wards of all public hoſpitals.

a uſeful article of houſehold furniture. For invalids of both ſexes it is very commodious, as it can be uſed in all ſeaſons, and at any hour of the day or night: And I will further explain the various ſorts of ingredients uſed in bathing to any perſon who will honour me with a call.

Intereſting Anecdote of the Abbe Sieyes.

[From "Annals of the French Revolution; or, a Chronological Account of its principal Events; with a Variety of Anecdotes and Characters hitherto unpubliſhed, by A. F. Bertrand de Moleville, Miniſter of State."]

IT only depended on the poſſeſſion of an abbey of 12,000 livres (five hundred pounds ſterling) a year, and a little more attention from the Archbiſhop of Sens, to have made the Abbe Sieyes one of the moſt zealous ſupporters of the old government. I aſſert this fact on the teſtimony of ſeveral perſons worthy of the higheſt credit, without any fear of its being contradicted by the Abbe Sieyes himſelf; and I cite him from among a thouſand inſtances, that the world may juſtly appreciate the zeal, patriotiſm, and principles of thoſe revolutionary demoniacs, who all, madmen and idiots excepted, had no other object in declaiming and writing ſo violently againſt the government and the miniſters, than to make them purchaſe at a higher price their ſilence or their pen. The Abbe Sieyes, a man for ſyſtems, a ſubtle arguer, an obſcurely profound metaphyſician, puſhed himſelf into notice in 1787, in the Provincial Aſſembly of Orleans, of which he was a member, by his continual and frequently embarraſſing oppoſition to the old principles, and to all the views of government. The Archbiſhop of Sens, then Miniſter, being informed of it, aſked M. de L———, one of the principal members of that department, whom the Abbe Sieyes was, of whom he had heard ſo much. "He is a man (replied M. de L———) extremely dangerous in times like theſe. You muſt abſolutely ſecure him, to prevent his doing a great deal of miſchief." "But by what means ſecure him?" "There is but one; and that is to chain him down with fetters—not of iron, but of gold." "What! do you think he is to be bought?" "I have no doubt of it; he is not rich; he loves expenſive living, and good cheer, and of courſe money." "How much muſt he have? Do you think an annuity of 6000 livres upon an abbey would be enough?"

enough?"—"No; his price is higher than that."—"Say, twelve, then."—"That will do; but inſtead of giving him an annuity, give him an abbey of that value. He is of low extraction, and full of vanity; he would be highly flattered with an abbey, and you will be ſure of being better ſerved for it." "Let it be ſo then. Will you undertake the negociation?"—"No, I cannot; but the Abbe de Cezarges, who is known to be entirely devoted to you, is in our Provincial Aſſembly, and nobody is fitter to execute the commiſſion."—"Well, then, I will put it into his hands."

The Archbiſhop of Sens in conſequence ſent the Abbe Cezarges private inſtructions, together with a letter which he was to ſhow, as occaſion required to the Abbe Sieyes, and in which the Miniſter ſpoke highly of the talents and great knowledge of the abbe, ſaying that he had mentioned him to the King, and that his Majeſty thought of calling him into the adminiſtration, of preferring him to an abbey of 12,000 livres income, &c.

With theſe credentials the Abbe Cezarges went, and paid a friendly viſit to the Abbe Sieyes. "How is it, my dear abbe," ſaid he to him, "that with all the talents you poſſeſs, you have not the wit to turn them to account in improving your ſituation? The ſide of oppoſition in our aſſemblies will only ſerve to create you powerful enemies, and to ſhut the door of favour againſt you; whereas, if, inſtead of perpetually oppoſing and embarraſſing the government, you were to be of ſervice to it, you would certainly be well rewarded."—"Of ſervice to the government! to the miniſters! Do not mention it to me; there is nothing to be done with thoſe people; they are all either madmen or fools."—"The Archbiſhop of Sens."—"The Archbiſhop of Sens is the greateſt madman among them."—"You will at leaſt allow that he is not a fool, and I will convince you that he is not mad. You are much in the wrong to ſpeak of him as you do: the proof of his not being mad is, that he thinks highly of you."—"Of me! He does not even know my name."—"You are miſtaken; he has heard a great deal of you; and does not doubt that you could, if you would, be of very great ſervice to the adminiſtration; he has even propoſed you to the King, and to give you an abbey."—"An abbey!"—"Yes, an abbey! an abbey too with a revenue of 12,000 livres; this deſerves attention."—"No doubt it would, if what you ſay were true."—"I can ſhew you all I have ſaid to you, written by the hand of the miniſter himſelf; and I ſhould not have mentioned it to you, had I not

been expreſsly commiſſioned by him to do it."—" Oh! that alters the caſe."—" Well! what anſwer ſhall I give?"—" I cannot pretend to ſay that a good abbey would not give me a very great pleaſure."—" That's right; and you may depend upon having one; but may the miniſtry alſo depend upon your ſervices?"—" Of courſe; and if they will liſten to me they will be guilty of fewer follies."—" Then I may write to the Archbiſhop of Sens, that you accept the abbey, and ſo forth." " Yes, certainly; but when is this to take place?"—Immediately after the cloſing of our provincial aſſembly. You muſt go to Verſailles, where you will ſee the Archbiſhop; converſe with him upon the ſubject, and in the next arrangement of the liſt you will be appointed."

From that moment, the Abbe Sieyes entirely changed his tone in the aſſembly, to the great aſtoniſhment of thoſe who were unacquainted with his ſecret. They continued ſitting for about ſix weeks longer. Hardly were they broke up, when the Abbe Sieyes repaired to Verſailles, and preſented himſelf at the hotel of the Archbiſhop of Sens. During two hours he waited in vain in the antechamber, for the moment when he ſhould be introduced into the miniſter's cloſet. At length, finding that he was not ſent for, he deſired a ſervant to go and announce him again: but by that he gained nothing, for all the anſwer brought back by the ſervant was, that his Lordſhip was very buſy, and could not ſee any body. The Abbe, convinced that he had been made game of, went away exaſperated at the Cardinal, and ſadly vexed at having yielded ſo eaſily to corruption, eſpecially as he had experienced all the ſhame without reaping any of the profits of it. He haſtened to the Abbe de Cezarges, related his adventures, and reproached him very bitterly for having made himſelf the inſtrument of ſo abominable a piece of treachery. The Abbe de Cezarges did all he could to appeaſe his anger, and to perſuade him that the Archbiſhop's mind could not be changed; he promiſed him to go and ſee the miniſter in the courſe of the day, and aſcertain his intentions.

It was not till he heard of the Abbe Sieyes' great rage, that the Archbiſhop remembered the promiſes he had deſired to be made to him more than ſix weeks before, or even his name, which he had almoſt forgotten. " Let him know (ſaid he to the Abbe Cezarges) that I was ignorant of his being at Verſailles, and that my ſervant having miſunderſtood, or not retaining his name, had pronounced it in ſuch

a bungling manner, that it had been impoſſible for me to gueſs it was he who was announced. Let him come again to ſee me, and I will make my peace with him."

This converſation, with the particulars of which the Abbe Sieyes was next day informed, appeaſing his wrath, and reviving his hopes a little, he agreed to pay a ſecond viſit to the Archbiſhop of Sens. Unfortunately, he went the day on which the miniſter gave a public audience, and when of courſe every body who wiſhed to ſee or ſpeak to him, went, without being announced, into the hall as ſoon as the doors of it were opened. The Archbiſhop having never ſeen this Abbe, and being as little apprized of his ſecond viſit as he had been of his firſt, paid him no attention, and perhaps took him for one of thoſe buſy bodies, who are often ſeen at the levees of miniſters, though they have nothing to ſay to them, and who attend chiefly to ſay that they had been there. The Abbe Sieyes being totally ignorant of the ceremony of miniſterial audiences, waited and waited in vain for the Archbiſhop's coming up to him. The miniſter concluded his levee according to cuſtom, as ſoon as thoſe who went to ſpeak to him had ſaid all they had to ſay, and retired to his cloſet, leaving the Abbe Sieyes in the hall, confounded, tranſported with rage, and more convinced than ever that he had been made a dupe. He went off, curſing the Archbiſhop of Sens, and ſwearing to be revenged for ſo atrocious a perfidy. The Abbe Cezarges tried without effect to bring him to reaſon, and to juſtify the miniſter; but he repeatedly anſwered,—"Say no more of that man to me! He is a villain! He ſhall know—he ſhall know whom he has to deal with." He accordingly ſometime after publiſhed his firſt pamphlet, entitled, "*Moyens d'Execution*," in which he inſerted the moſt virulent declamation that had ever been made againſt the Archbiſhop of Sens.

This anecdote was told by the Abbe Cezarges to many of his friends, who have repeated it to me with the ſame circumſtances. It was alſo confirmed to me by M. de L——, the member of the provincial aſſembly of Orleans, whom I mentioned to have been the perſon who adviſed the Archbiſhop of Sens to gain the Abbe Sieyes.

[This anecdote ſufficiently ſhews how little the profeſſions of a diſintereſted attachment to republican principles, ſo often and ſo ſolemnly made by the French legiſlators, are to be regarded.]

CHA-

CHARACTERS *in* REAL LIFE.

[From "Frederic Latimer: or, The Hiſtory of a Young Man of Faſhion," 3 vol.]

[Previous to our introducing this ſcene, it may be neceſſary to premiſe, that Frederic Latimer has been inveigled into gaming at the univerſity by a Sir William Steel, to whom he has loſt a thouſand pounds. Sir William, on their coming to London, propoſes to introduce him to Mr. Wiſeman, who had married his mother, Lady Steel, and who would probably aſſiſt Frederic in his embarraſſments.]

AS ſoon as the Baronet, Sir William Steel, and Latimer, reached town, they ſtopt at the Hummums, ordered beds, dreſſed, and drove to Mr. Wiſeman's to dinner. Frederic felt ſome difficulty in going, uninvited, to dine at the houſe of a gentleman whom he did not know; but Sir William reminded him, that ſurely he might without ceremony introduce his moſt intimate friend to the family of his mother.

Mr. Wiſeman lived in Berkeley-ſquare. The Baronet and his friend were ſhewn into an elegant drawing room, ſuperbly furniſhed in the lateſt taſte of the faſhion. Here they were left ſome time alone: for though it was ſix o'clock, none of the party were yet aſſembled. In half an hour Mr. Wiſeman made his appearance; and being preſented to Latimer, received him with the moſt marked civility. Latimer was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the perſon, manner, and addreſs of Mr. Wiſeman. From the Baronet's deſcription of his character, and from the elegance of his eſtabliſhment, he expected to have ſeen a reſpectable elderly perſon, of a mild and gentlemanly aſpect; he was therefore aſtoniſhed at being introduced to a little ſwarthy diminutive figure, whoſe dreſs, more ſuited to twenty-five, was in all the extremity of the faſhion, though his age appeared above fifty. There was ſomething particularly mean in his whole perſon; and though he aſſumed the eaſy familiarity of a man of the world, his embarraſſment might ſtill be diſcovered: His accent alſo ſtruck the ear of Latimer as foreign. Theſe united circumſtances would have created ſuſpicions in any mind but his; but he was ſo infatuated by his partiality for Sir William, that he found a reaſon for every apparent contradiction. He remembered that Mr. Wiſeman had long been in the commercial world, and ſuppoſed, that though he now lived as a man of faſhion, he could not entirely get rid of

his former manners, while the family having reſided many years abroad, accounted to him for the idiom which he ſpoke.

If he was ſurpriſed at the appearance of Mr. Wiſeman, he was no leſs ſo at that of his lady, the mother of the Baronet. He pictured to himſelf a high-bred elegant woman; inſtead of which he beheld a large corpulent figure, covered with a profuſion of colours of different hues, dreſſed in the very *outre* of the *ton:* her boſom of no ſmall dimenſions, ſcarcely covered, her face highly rouged, and her whole appearance ſeeming to prove that though ſhe had but little pretenſions to any remaining beauty, ſhe had in her own opinion loſt none of her original claims to admiration.

The dinner bore every mark of ſumptuous magnificence; a regular ſervice of plate contained the choiceſt delicacies of the ſeaſon, and claret, burgundy, and champagne were ſent round in liberal abundance. The company conſiſted of ſeveral faſhionable young men, to whoſe acquaintance Latimer was introduced, and a French emigrant Counteſs, the only female preſent beſide the lady of the houſe.

The converſation was rather free, but Latimer ſuppoſed that ſuch were the uſual manners in circles of faſhion. Lady Steel was very particular in her attentions to Frederic, whoſe manly figure and elegant deportment did not eſcape her notice; He was flattered by her politeneſs, and attributed her civility to the kind recommendation of his friend. When the ladies withdrew, the bottle circulated with ſtill greater rapidity, and the gentlemen did not return to the drawing-room till the evening was far advanced.

The young men then propoſed adjourning to a neighbouring houſe of play; but Frederic refuſing to join them, formed with Mr. Wiſeman, and the French Counteſs, Lady Steel's party at caſſino. Latimer played with the emigree; and as he knew very little of the game, felt very apprehenſive for his partner. She laughed however at his faults with all the good humour of her country; and fortune having been propitious, notwithſtanding his errors, ſhe won with him the firſt rubber. Frederic, who did not know he was playing for gold, was ſurpriſed at receiving five guineas; and having been ſucceſsful, thought it his duty to give the dowager her revenge. They played on; and at the end of the evening Latimer and his partner were the loſers in a trifling ſum, which he little regretted on his own account, but which he feared would be a ſerious inconvenience in the ſuppoſed diſtreſſed ſituation of the Counteſs. Her uninterrupted gaiety ſoon eaſed his mind on this ſcore, and he took

his

his leave at a late hour, much delighted with the reception he had experienced. In this manner paſt ſeveral pleaſant days; and Lady Steel taking every opportunity to have the handſome Latimer of her parties at public places, the intimacy increaſed every hour.

In the midſt of diſſipation, Frederic was often ſerious, and his gravity became the daily joke of Lady Steel and the lively Counteſs, who declared "*que rien que l'amour pouvoit excuſer ſa triſteſſe.*" It was after ſome ſallies of this ſort, which had paſſed at dinner, that Mr. Wiſeman and Latimer were artfully left alone, the Baronet having followed the ladies, pretending an early engagement to the play. "I am much diſtreſſed," ſaid the former, with great apparent concern, "at ſeeing your ſpirits ſo very low; and though the ladies are pleaſed to attribute your depreſſion to ſo ſilly a reaſon as love, I cannot help fearing that you have ſome more ſerious cauſe of uneaſineſs. I do not wiſh to be impertinent: but if I could be of any ſervice in relieving your anxiety, I ſhould think myſelf happy." The candid, ingenuous Frederic, could not withſtand ſo kind an invitation: and after apologizing for troubling him with his affairs, opened his whole ſoul, concealing nothing but his debt to Sir William, which delicacy to him determined him not to mention.

Mr. Wiſeman liſtened with attention; and after having enquired the amount of his debts, which Latimer calculated at eight hundred pounds, "I was in hopes," ſaid Mr. Wiſeman, "that the ſum was not ſo large. I fear it is out of my power to advance you the money in queſtion, as unfortunately I have juſt taken a large ſhare of the loan, which will require all my ready caſh; and as to capital, the funds are ſo low at preſent that it is ruin to ſell out. But though I cannot perſonally aſſiſt you, I may perhaps hear of ſome means of raiſing the ſum wanted, in the city. I will at any rate make enquiries to-morrow among my commercial friends, and will acquaint you with the reſult; but your not being of age, the great difficulty of raiſing money at preſent on any terms, and the very depreciated price of the ſtocks, are all circumſtances much againſt you. When I conſider theſe circumſtances, I almoſt fear to undertake the commiſſion, leſt I ſhould lead you into an engagement of which you may hereafter repent: perhaps you had better not borrow on ſuch exorbitant terms as will probably be aſked. Your tradeſmen will wait; or if it is impoſſible to ſatisfy them by any other means than immediate payment, your kind friend Mr.

Darewell,

Darewell, or your mother, the Ducheſs of Annan, may ſtand forward to aſſiſt you. Surely, you ought firſt to make this attempt before you apply to any other quarter."

The impatient Frederick interrupted Mr. Wiſeman:—"Speak not thus, Sir, I entreat you. To my worthy guardian I dare not communicate my ſituation; from my mother I have no chance of relief; my creditors I have promiſed to pay; I am leaving the univerſity, and muſt, at whatever loſs, find the means. No ſum will be too large a conſideration for that which will free me from ſo heavy a burden." "If ſuch be your reſolution," anſwered Mr. Wiſeman, "I will to-morrow make the neceſſary enquiries, but I fear I ſhall be a bad agent in the buſineſs, I am ſo totally unacquainted with tranſactions of this nature. You may depend however on my beſt exertions."

Latimer expreſſed and felt the ſincereſt gratitude. For ſome days his imagination was kept alive by the hope, thus held forth, of being able to wipe away the embarraſſment which preyed on his mind; and in the fond expectation of being once again relieved from the painful idea of living on the credit of the induſtrious poor, he forgot what he was likely to pay for this convenience. Mr. Wiſeman took care to keep his mind in this ſtate of ſuſpence. Sometimes he had great hopes of ſucceeding, at others no money was to be had; now and then the caſh was to be procured, but on terms which he could never recommend to his friend Latimer. The next day unexpected difficulties had been ſtarted, and he feared at laſt he ſhould fail in his commiſſion. Again, he would flatter him with the hope of ſucceſs, and again return home, complaining of the avarice of the monied men, and the bad fortune of Latimer.

After Frederic's mind had been thus haraſſed by the conſtant viciſſitudes of hope and fear, he at length came home one day from the city, apparently much fatigued and agitated. Latimer, who was waiting for him by appointment, anxiouſly enquired the reaſon of theſe appearances. After much entreaty, Mr. Wiſeman thus explained himſelf: "I did not wiſh you ſhould know what has paſſed this morning, but as you inſiſt on my telling you, I muſt depend on your acting in no reſpect contrary to my advice. I to-day met with a foreign merchant, now a broker at the Bank, with whom I formerly had negociations; and knowing him to have money at command, I applied to him on the ſubject of your commiſſion, adding, that I ſhould think myſelf perſonally obliged by his compliance. After much ſolicitation he liſ-

tened to my requeſt; but when I came to talk of terms, he was ſo very extravagant that I had great difficulty in keeping my temper. We had much altercation on the ſubject, which ended at laſt in my totally declining any further negociation with ſo unreaſonable a perſon. I confeſs I have been much hurt in finding ſuch principles in a man whom I have always hitherto reſpected, and whoſe character ſtands high in the commercial world. I do not think I ſhall ever again be able to treat him with common civility; and what renders this particularly awkward is, that before this converſation I aſked him to dine with me to-day, and I fear, notwithſtanding our diſagreement, he will ſtill accept the invitation, as he loves good eating nearly as well as money. I muſt intreat you to have no particular converſation with him; for if I could not treat with him, you may be ſure he will take ſtill greater advantage of your inexperience."

Latimer bowed aſſent; but, ſince the broker had the money, and was willing to lend it, if ſufficiently remunerated, he determined to apply to him in ſecret. The Baronet, to whom he communicated his reſolution, approved his plan; and reminded him that he ought not to regard Mr. Wiſeman's injunctions, whoſe only fault was too ſcrupulous an attention to what he called the laws of honour and equity.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Remarks on the repeated Attempts of the preſent Rulers of France to imitate the Republic of Rome.

DES CARTES ſays, "*Cogitationes omnium hominum circa verba magis, quam circa res verſantur:*" That is, the bulk of mankind is governed more by ſound than by ſenſe, and words are often miſtaken for things.

Of the ſuperſtitious hatred attached to the ſound of ſome particular words, hiſtory affords many examples. Among the Romans, King was the bugbear word which worked moſt powerfully on their fancies; juſt as if the letters whereof it was compoſed had witchcraft in them. *Ex. Gr.*

The oath, that they would never ſuffer a King at Rome, meant only, that no perſon ſhould bear that title: for they eaſily diſpenſed with a government regal in all points, except in name. The Conſular authority differed little from that

of

of the Kings, except in its being an annual office; as to every thing elſe—" *nihil diminutum erat ex regia poteſtate: omnia jura, omnia inſignia primi Conſules tenuere.*—LIVY.

They ſubmitted to a Dictator, whoſe office, though at firſt it was not of long continuance, yet while it laſted was clearly *regal*, and afterwards was made perpetual. They bore the tyranny of two Triumvirates; that is, of three Kings under the leſs obnoxious name of Triumviri, who divided the empire of the world between them. They ſubmitted to the monarchy of Auguſtus, who (though he was inveſted with all the powers of ſovereignty, and as abſolute as a Monarch could be,) contented himſelf with that new appellation, and wiſely humoured their prejudices, by not aſſuming the regal title. They ſubmitted to a real ſlavery, dignified, indeed, with the mere name of liberty, and were ſatisfied with the abolition of the Senatorial power, as long as the empty title of Senator was permitted to remain. In ſhort, they ſuffered the tyranny of ſuch monſters as Nero and Caligula, becauſe their titles were only Prince or Emperor; though had Titus or Trajan aſſumed the name of King, that unfortunate and proſcribed ſyllable would inevitably have excited ſuch a commotion as would probably have deprived them both of their kingdom and their lives.

The affected parade which the French republicans make of their immortal hatred to Kings, and the power and ſtate which the Firſt Conſul takes upon him, correſpond ſo well with the foregoing ſketch, that I give the *Great Nation* credit for having very minutely aped all the littleneſſes of the Roman character: But, "*fas eſt ab hoſte doceri.*" And therefore if any traces of Chriſtianity yet remain among them, I ſhall expect ſoon to ſee a new edition of the Lord's Prayer, adopting the amendment that was made in England by the republicans of Cromwell's time, who, in the ſecond petition, for *kingdom* come, read *commonwealth*.

O. D.

Dean Prior, January 12, 1800.

A REFLECTION.

IT is illiberal, inhuman, and unreaſonable in the higheſt degree to inſult any man for his being dull; but when dullneſs pretends to genius or parts, it becomes a fair object of ridicule.

AN ANECDOTE.

AN ambaſſador was ſecretly ſent to Charles XII. of Sweden, by Peter the Great, to ſolicit peace. He found him in a cloſet, alone, and occupied in looking over a map, in order to find out the ſhorteſt road to Moſcow. The ambaſſador had ſcarcely uttered a few words, which announced the object of his miſſion, when Charles XII. rudely interrupted him: "I will treat with your maſter," ſaid he, in his palace at Moſcow." Buonaparte, in a private conference with Prince Charles, behaved with as much pride, but with leſs decency. With one hand he preſented to him the olive branch, in the other he held a ſword. "Accept peace," ſaid he, "or content yourſelf with the place of a municipal officer at Vienna."

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, Teacher of Mathematics at St. Auſtell, to H. Lake's Queſtion, inſerted Auguſt 5.

LET R=1.05, n=5, v=2.300, and A=the annuity fought; then, by logarithms, we have $A = \frac{\text{log. } v + \text{log. } R - 1 - \text{log. } 1 - R^{-n}}{1} = 2.72526$: Hence 531l. 4s. is the annuity fought.

Anſwer, by J. Field, of Staverton, to J. Gidley's Charade, inſerted November 11.

THE CANNON-BALL doth put an end
To many brave and worthy men.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.

Anſwer, by W. Hobbs, to T. Bullock's Charade, inſerted November 11.

FRANKINCENSE, Sir, is what you mean,
As in your charade's plainly ſeen.

** We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, of Exeter; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; Edward, of Truro; and S. Brown, of Newton Abbot.

A REBUS, *by W. Hoare, Jun. of Dean Prior.*

WHEN once from Etna's flaming ſummit burſt
The ebullitions of a liquid flame,
A fiery deluge overwhelm'd my firſt,
And thouſands periſh'd in a burning ſtream.

My next, a bantling of the human brain,
With perturbation and diſquiet nurſt,
Thou doſt our pleaſure or our woe contain,
And art the ſource of envy and diſguſt.

When ſhall humanity ceaſe to deplore
The devaſtations of my ruthleſs third?
Malignant peſt! thou ravageſt each ſhore,
Whence cries of woe and bitterneſs are heard.

Look down, my fourth, from thy exalted throne,
Aid thoſe who're ſtruggling in thy glorious cauſe;
Benignant fair! unnumber'd millions groan
Beneath the rigour of oppreſſive laws.

Mankind, whilſt in this ſublunary ſtate,
Are all obnoxious to diſeaſes ſore;
And while they bend beneath affliction's weight,
My next they oft with earneſtneſs implore.

Laſtly, the ſeaſon, which we ſhould employ
Our energies to meliorate the time;
For virtue's youngeſt votaries enjoy
Intrinſic pleaſure, and delight ſublime.

The initials join'd, an authoreſs is your's,
Who's gain'd the meed of literary fame;
Our critics and dramatic connoiſſeurs
Have prais'd thoſe works which dignify her name.

☞ *The poem addreſſed to Mr. Wilberforce it is thought beſt to omit, as its inſertion would not anſwer any good purpoſe, and might give offence. The copy was not preſerved.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE *to* CONTEMPLATION.

LET pomp entice th' ambitious mind,
And toil unceaſing aſk:
Ye vain! purſue the uſeleſs taſk;
Whilſt I to ſurer joys inclin'd,
Unwearied, contemplation ſeek,
With ſober ſadneſs on her cheek,
Whoſe piercing eye, and ſerious air,
Confound the anxious pale fiend, fear:
With her the lightning's glare I'd view,
Its air-dividing flaſh purſue;
Hear, but to mark, big thunders roll,
Tremendous ſhaking either pole;
Hear grumbling tempeſts force the main,
And nature, terror-ſtruck complain.

The penſive, intereſting maid,
I hail with heart-felt joy;
Thy dictates all my mind employ,
Whilſt extacies my ſoul pervade.
Come, let us range the painted floor,
Together nature's gifts explore;
Or wonder-cloth'd, the beauteous bow
Examine with poetic glow;
The ruſtic ſmile, in native eaſe,
Prompt with content and pureſt peace,
In ſweeteſt converſe reaſon o'er,
And own it rich to be thus poor.
Your borrow'd charms, your ruſting wealth,
Quit, dolts of eaſe! for ruſtic health.

From earth to Heaven thou liſt'ſt my ſoul,
With ſacred awe impreſs'd,
Divine emotions warm my breaſt,
And ev'ry earth-born wiſh controul.
Now, opening to my dazzled view,
Scenes glory's pencil finely drew.
In awe-commanding ſtate enthron'd,
By ſpotleſs truth-nurs'd ſeraphs own'd,
A God omniſcient there endures,
And floods of mercy round he pours;
With deep-felt gratitude a choir
Of cherubim and ſaints conſpire,

To

To praiſe, in one concordant theme,
" Him firſt, Him laſt, Him ſtill the ſame."
My ultimatum here I'd find,
With thee eternally combin'd.

Briſtol. P. Q.

ADDRESS *to* NEGLECT.

By Mrs. ROBINSON.

AH! cold neglect—more chilling far
Than Zembla's blaſt or Scythia's ſnow;
Sure born beneath a luckleſs ſtar
Is he, who, after every pain,
Has wrung his boſom's central vein,
To fill his bitter cup of woe,
Is deſtin'd thee to know.

The ſmiles of fame, the pride of truth,
All that can lift the glowing mind,
The nobleſt energies of youth—
Wit, valour, genius, ſcience, taſte;
A form by all that's lovely grac'd,
A ſoul where virtue dwells enſhrin'd,
A prey to thee we find!

The ſpring of life looks freſh and gay,
The flowers of fancy bud around,
We think that ev'ry morn is May;
While hope and rapture fill the breaſt,
We hold reflection's lore a jeſt,
Nor own that ſorrow's ſhaft can wound,
Till cold neglect is found.

Ah! then how ſad the world appears!
How falſe, how idle are the gay!
Morn only breaks to witneſs tears,
And ev'ning cloſes but to ſhew
That darkneſs mimics human woe,
And life's beſt ſcene, a ſummer's day
That ſhines and fades away.

Some dread diſeaſe, and others woe;
Some viſionary torments ſee;
Some ſhrink unpitied love to know;
Some writhe beneath oppreſſion's fangs;
And ſome with jealous hopeleſs pangs;
But whatſoe'er my fate may be,
Oh! keep neglect from me!

E'en after death let mem'ry's hand,
Directed by the moon-light ray,
Weave o'er my grave a cypreſs-band,
And bind the ſod with curious care,
And ſcatter flow'rets freſh and fair;
And oft the ſacred tribute pay
To keep neglect away!